

Lady MacDuff

I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

Fookwod

He's a traitor.

Blender

Son

Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

Fookwod

What, you egg!
Young fry of treachery!

Fookwod stabs Lady Macduff's Son. Blender.

Son

He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you!

Daddy Ubu sings

Look look
Look at fun I'm having

Blender. The son dies.

Lady MacDuff

Murder!

Lady MacDuff exits with Fookwod and murderers, following her. Blender. Daddy Ubu finishes blending his enemies and exits.

The Commentator: “Meanwhile. Act III, Scene IX. The tomb of the kings in Cherniviv Cathedral. In which, Momma Ubu shamelessly enriches herself by robbing the dead of their treasure.”

Momma Ubu:

I'm sorry, (name of actor playing Commentator), I don't know if I can play this scene. I have been watching from the wings since the Banquet Scene. I'm not sure if I can go along with this any longer.

Commentator:

What are you talking about, Momma Ubu?

Momma Ubu:

Daddy Ubu is off the rails! He has completely lost his marbles. His incompetent and corrupt policies threaten us all. Daddy Ubu is the single greatest threat to the national security of Walachia!

Commentator:

Wow, Momma Ubu!

Momma Ubu:

(extremely quietly) I am thinking of fleeing to Moldavia and joining the resistance.

Commentator:

Good for you, Momma U!

Momma Ubu:

Perhaps if I speak out now and create the appearance of a strong moral backbone, I can position myself to assume the crown after Bougrelas and MacDuff kick that ugly imbecile out on his pustulent ass.

Commentator:

Ah yes, I see. Very well, (*calling offstage*) let the Ghost of Junkherr Matthias von Königsberg know we're cutting III, IX! **ACT IV, SCENE I.** Moldavia. Before the Czar's palace. In which Macduff learns of the massacre of his family and Bougrelas and his supporters make plans to invade Walachia and overthrow Daddy Ubu. They will succeed.

Enter Bougrelas, MacDuff and Momma Ubu from one side, Ross from the other

Ross,

My ever-gentle cousin, I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd:

Bougrelas

Merciful heaven!

MacDuff

My children too?

Ross

Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

MacDuff

And I must be from thence!

My wife kill'd too?

Ross

I have said.

Bougrelas

Be comforted:

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

MacDuff